

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

JUNIOR COLLEGE MAGAZINE

*MARCH*





# The St. Joseph's Collegian

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



# The St. Joseph's Collegian

March, 1934

Volume XXII.

Number Six

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The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of St. Joseph's College. Contributions are solicited from the students. Subscription rates: yearly, one dollar and fifty cents; single copies, twenty cents.

Entered as Second-Class matter, October 20, 1927, at the Post Office of Collegeville, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1897.





## *The Poet of Happy Devices*

Henry S. Martin '35

**J**UST a few years ago, death tore from the voluminous book of life a few leaves on which were written the deeds of Alice Meynell and dispatched them with her soul to her Creator. Although she took with herself the leaves that were for her a certificate of destiny for all eternity, she has left to this world pages that in a temporal sense may be called immortal; pages that will preserve her memory as a superior maker of pleasant, happy, and thoughtful poems. Though she has to her discredit some pages of verse that are quite vapid, insipid one might say, yet these pages are few among the many that she wrote. By far the most of her work in poetry is really beautiful. It could not be otherwise, for it is all shot through with the thoughts of a woman whose mental qualities are such as are found only in the noblest and purest natures. Hence it is that one of her worthy contemporaries says of her:

“She was a lovely star  
That sang a whole life’s way—  
Her heavenly way, and far,  
To her day.”

Though Mrs. Meynell’s works are not so numerous as those of many other authors of her day, yet they have in themselves a worth that is hard to beat. With noticeable care she trained her poetic muse to sing only of things that she loved and understood. She knew how to manage her wording in such wise that her tuneful strains do not strike the ear precipitantly, but reach it with the soft movement of a southern breeze. Then, after gently stirring every fiber of feeling, they waft onward, leaving a fading sense of sweetness to be enjoyed like the dying peal of silver bells.

What may rightfully be thought of her poetry is adroitly illustrated by the opinion of the renowned John Ruskin, who during the best years of his life was a contemporary author of hers. This veritable leviathan judge of all that is artistic says that “the last verse of Alice Meynell’s perfectly heavenly ‘Letter from a Girl to Her Old Age’, the whole of her ‘San Lorenzo’s Mother,’ and the end of her sonnet, ‘To a Daisy’ are the finest things that





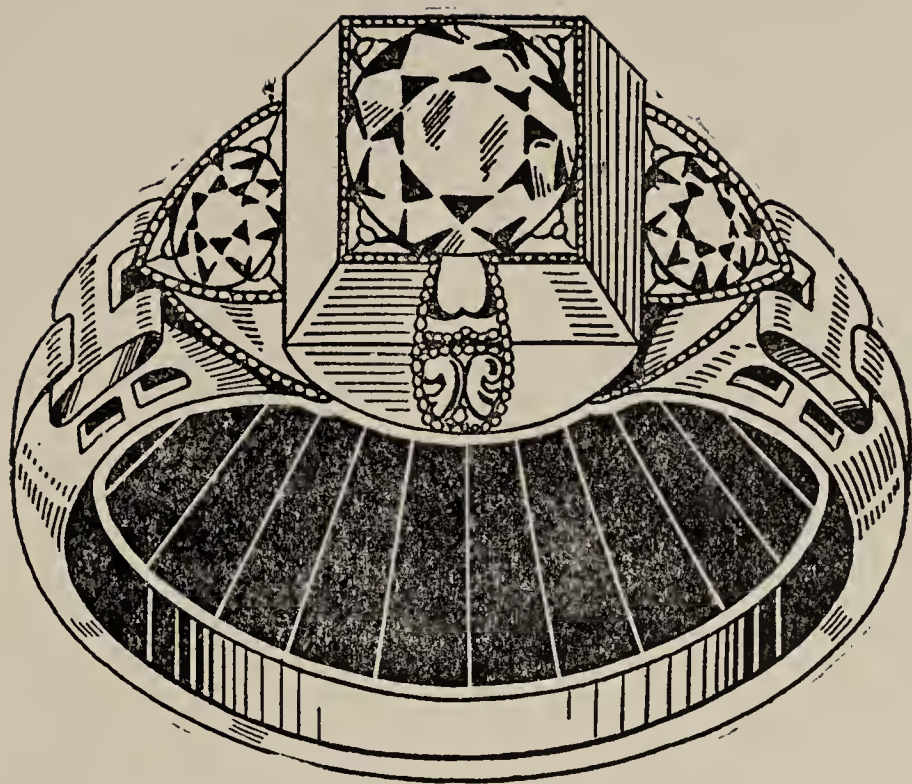
titude of admiring readers. The woman poet, who found "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," deserves to be remembered for the exceptional melody and sweetness of her written lines as well as for the exceptional nobility of her personal character.



## Ode to Washington

L. J. Balback '34

A stalwart oak you were  
Within a forest deep  
Amid whose branches strong  
The birds their shelter sought,  
And like a mighty tree  
You bent before the lashing gale,  
Nor broke;  
But when the storm was o'er, you bravely stood  
Like grandest monarch of the wood.  
Unhurt by storms. You grew in might  
To face the heavy charge—to set the wrong aright.  
Now when the sounds of wailing ceased to fill the air,  
You stood more bravely than before  
As source of cheer and comfort  
For those who'd have a father's care.  
This kindness people praise in you,  
Though you lie wrapt within the grandeur of the tomb  
Now well beyond a hundred years; and will praise  
At all such times when stories brave are told.  
You need but to be named  
To rouse new hope within some weary heart  
And bid despair to flee,  
For cowardliness and shame in your name have no part  
Where'er songs speak of praise,  
There for you, O Washington!  
We shall make our voices heard  
Throughout the vaulted skies.



## *The Guardian Angel Diamond*

Delbert L. Welch '34

**A**BOVE an attractive show window, a sign shouted the name, Longhorn & Ashley, Jewelry Company. Below that sign, the sunlight filtered through vast panels of double-strength plate glass, only to be caught and broken up in every color of the spectrum by diamonds on display. Together with the diamonds lay in profusion the latest types of pendants, rings, bracelets; and, for variety, some Bulova wrist watches mixed in the show. Even at that, the jewelry exhibit was not of the most elaborate kind; yet it was sufficient to catch the eyes of passers-by.

The little store behind the grand display windows mostly proved a disappointment to customers who

entered it for the first time. To them it seemed that all the wealth was in the windows, leaving nothing to be seen inside of the store but a line of drab steel cases that ended just at the front of an enormous safe that looked defiance at all sinister intentions. One object of interest, though, was always ready at hand for anybody to inspect. No matter who the customer was, or at what time of the day he came, he could not possibly overlook a diamond, ten carat in size, cut in brilliant shape, laying on a small plush-covered dais. The presence of this stone had a twofold purpose. It was to remind the prospective customer that he found himself in a store dealing in rare gems; but outside of

this purpose, it was to act as the "guardian angel" of the establishment. This latter office had been assigned to it by Messrs. Longhorn and Ashley, who had surrounded the stone with a certain mystery of which no one, excepting themselves, was to be apprised. The secret could not, however, be kept from Mr. Ashley's daughter, Marjorie, who upon learning the reason that the stone was called the "guardian angel", laughed heartily and avowed upon a steep wager with her father that in spite of the presence of the stone, the store could be robbed, and that the "guardian-angel" would fall a victim to the hands of a thief as readily as any other stone.

Naturally, since Marjorie had placed a wager with her father regarding the protective influence of the "guardian-angel" diamond, she was more than anxious to bring matters to a test if only a chance would come her way. The chance came when on a cold day in January, Merwin Berkey, a plain-clothes detective, stepped into the jewelry store, ostensibly to warm himself. That he had some other purpose in mind outside of coming in out of the cold was soon disclosed. Berkey was Marjorie's fiance, and to meet her was clearly his chief purpose for stopping at the store. As he entered, he called to Mr. Ashley in a familiar way:

"Ah, Jack, how are you? I haven't seen you for a mighty long time!"

"Fine as can be for a man of my age," replied Mr. Ashley. "But where have you been keeping yourself, Berkey? Do you know that Marjorie has been looking for you day by day for the past several weeks? Each day she has resolved never to speak to you again if you did not put in your appearance soon. Now don't start giving alibis."

"I've been real busy, Jack," explained Mr. Berkey. "I've been trying my level best to secure evidence for the conviction of Larry Brennen. You know who he is, as well as you know who I am. Brennen, as you know, is one of those sofa-coasting, good-looking society crooks, who has gotten away with so many robberies of late that I shall lose my job, if I don't ring him soon. The fact is that I am probing for evidence right along; but I did not come here to probe for evidence. Marjorie is not around, is she?"

"Oh, I see, I see, Berkey," replied Mr. Ashley, "I thought you came here to talk to me, but it's Marjorie you're looking for. Well, she isn't here, and I'm glad she isn't. You would have no time left for me if she were here. Now you will talk to me, and I want you to tell me all about Brennen. Perhaps I may be able to help you. Let's have the complete story about this crook. You may feel like laughing at my suggestion to help you, but, my good fellow, I've helped you before."

Acceding to Mr. Ashley's request, the detective began to re-

late the entire tale. Unnoticed by either of the two, Marjorie entered and stood silently listening. At what she considered to be the close of the story, she began to laugh loudly. Instantly, Berkey, the detective was on his feet.

"Hello, Marjorie," he greeted very pleasantly, "what makes you laugh? Is it what you have heard, or is it my bad English?"

"Your English is sufficiently good," Marjorie answered, "but your mind must be blank. Surely, if you cannot even give me a thought in weeks; then how can you hope to think enough to catch Brennen? I'll take a bet on it that I can catch him."

"That I did not think of you, Marjorie, and that day by day, is a wicked charge on your part. But let that be for the present. You just said something that interests me greatly. You, want to bet that you could catch Brennen? How much?"

"Five hundred dollars," came the reply.

"Taken," laughed Berkey. But the laugh quickly faded from his face when Marjorie suddenly produced the bills. "Why Marjorie, don't be foolish. It's rank nonsense for you to take a bet on something that is clearly impossible—clearly beyond you, and—"

"You made the bet; stick to it," Marjorie insisted.

"Well, if you must have your way then here is my check. Your Father shall hold the stakes. Let me

hear from you if I don't catch Brennen before you do. I'll give you three months at the game. I must go now; but I shall see you meanwhile, only remember nothing is to be said about Brennen when we happen to meet. Good-by."

Marjorie was not slow in making her plans. She knew that Brennen was not in hiding. No, he was daily moving about in society; though greatly suspected of serious misdeeds; though closely watched no direct evidence involving him in a crime could be obtained. Her way of tricking him, while not novel, would nevertheless—so at least she hoped—prove successful. It did not take long for her to find out that this social crook was attending the best operas; the local country club, and was frequenting the golf links. At one of these places she would surely meet him. Her hopes were fulfilled when, on one evening, she had occasion to be introduced to him at the country club. Dances, luncheons, automobile rides now followed. She kept up the whirlwind of amusement with Brennen until he began to look upon her as a reliable associate in any plans he might entertain for future questionable operations.

Marjorie thought that now the time had come to stage a ruse that would be an eye-opener to her father with respect to the "guardian-angel" diamond on exhibition in his store and would prove to Mervin Berkey, the detective, that his bet was lost. With this purpose in

mind, she suggested to Brennen one evening that it would be a pleasure to see her father's jewelry store robbed, and that she would be willing to give whatever assistance was demanded of her in this trick. At first Brennen took her suggestion warily, but she persuaded him, convinced him that it would be an easy matter and very profitable besides. She assured him that she needed money, and that robbing the store was the easiest way of getting it from her father. Brennen, of course, was to have his share of the loot. Very cautiously the society crook began questioning her, but he gradually entered whole-heartedly into her plans.

The trap was now set; nothing more was required than to find an opportune moment for decoying the prey into it. Marjorie found to her delight that Brennen was now taking the lead in devising plans for the proposed robbery. She was surprised at the shrewd suggestions he made for covering up tracks and at the skill he displayed in all the arrangements he contrived. Finally he set the time. At two-thirty in the morning, on a certain Wednesday, the robbery would be carried out. There would be no room for suspicion as to who the guilty persons were; for surely Mr. Ashley would not suspect his own daughter, or one with whom she kept company.

Since Marjorie knew everything about the store and had a key in her possession, there was no diffi-

culty confronting her and Brennen by way of gaining entry at the time appointed. As Marjorie suspected, so it happened. Brennen at once noticed the "guardian-angel" diamond and hastened to seize it. As he touched it with his hand, an almost unnoticeable click sounded. It was this faint click that Marjorie wanted to hear. It did not disturb Brennen, and she was glad that he did not notice it. Slipping the stone in his pocket, he said to Marjorie, who at the time was taking money from the big safe:

"I have all I want; how about you?"

"There is no need to be in a hurry," Marjorie replied. "There are other diamonds here. Why not take them also?"

"All the others taken together are not worth the one I have," answered Brennen. "If you have what money you want, let's go."

As they passed out into the morning air, Marjorie felt particularly happy; her plan had worked out to perfection. Brennen walked along without the least suspicion of any kind in his mind. He had in his possession what he considered sufficient payment for his trouble, and he felt happy in the thought that he had helped Marjorie get the money she wanted. As far as he was concerned, all had gone well.

At the usual hour on that same Wednesday morning, Mr. Ashley opened the store. He was astonished to see the big safe open, and at once rushed to see if the "guardian-ang-



"As for you, Berkey, your bet is lost. I roped Brennen; you now have first-class evidence on him. Arrest him and see if his story will not bear out what I am telling you."

Mr. Ashley and Mervin Berkey could hardly believe their own ears; yet things seemed to be beyond dispute to them. At length Berkey exclaimed:

"Marjorie, you are a wonder! Give her the stakes, Mr. Ashley. As for myself I have two reasons to feel happy in all this excitement. The one is that since Marjorie and I plan to be married, the money will stay in the family. The other is that I shall be able to avail myself readily of her help in future detective sleuthing. So much for the present. I must be off to arrest Brennen. Good-by."

"Forgive this mean trick of mine,

Dad," Marjorie now said to her father. To be on the square with you I'll call off the wager I had with you concerning your big diamond."

"I shall forgive you in part now, and fully if the court trial will bear out what you claim concerning Mr. Brennen. But nothing like this again from you, dearie," warned her father.

The court proceedings brought out all that Messrs. Ashley and Longhorn, together with others, could desire. Larry Brennen was at last brought to justice; Marjorie obtained full pardon from her father for the practical joke she had perpetrated in venturing to assist in robbing the store, and the "guardian-angel" diamond was then brought back to its place, but never regained its former reputation.

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## Aftermath

D. Welch '34

The trees have doffed their robes of charming green  
And stand like dead. Grey mists defile the blue  
That lines the sky, while Earth defies the warmth  
Of Spring to penetrate her frozen breast.  
Not all the fires of Vulcan's raging forge  
Could burn their way through Winter's icy hands  
And melt the chains of frost that roughly bind  
All budding life within the throes of death.

Yet veiled beneath the Pisces' gleaming rays,  
Soon one will come whom people Aries name,  
On whose keen horns the Sun will ride aloft  
And give command to break the bands of death  
Which Winter forged on every living thing;  
Then quick with sounds of life, old Earth will ring.







pastoral scene coming from the same hand. Where there is spirit there is fire at which the mind can warm itself, and no one has done more to kindle this fire in the realms of art than the Church has done.

The entire domain of art might be rummaged through with every prospect of arriving at the same conclusions as have already been indicated, but certainly not without meeting with many objections to the conclusions drawn, from those whose horizon of life does not reach beyond this physical world. Yet in spite of the fact that this sketch must remain badly incomplete, one other division of art should not be allowed to go unnoticed, namely, music. Like in the other arts, so in music, those who have immortalized themselves, clearly enough had warmed both their hands at the fire of Christian Faith. Hence it is that the "Alma" as set to music by Palestrina; the "Oculi Omnium" by

Fr. Koenen; the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, and innumerable other productions of similar rank in perfection, have about themselves a glory and an artistic beauty which is otherwise unexcelled in the entire complex of musical art. One might reach out for illustrations almost indefinitely in this enormous field in which voice and instrument have been made subservient to express the highest beauty in harmony as inspired by the spirit, the Faith, and the guiding influence of the Church.

Plainly then, man may achieve wonders in the field of art; he may by forms and notes interchange feelings; he may stir the most dormant emotions of his fellowmen by his skill and technique, but only if he will draw from the everlasting spirit of the Church that fire which will shine with the glory of a halo over his works can he expect to reach that perfection which the highest art implies.





was a Greek. I geet it from heem. I don't taka da trouble to change da sign. See?"

I tell him, "yeah, I understand." Then I see the coffee and doughnuts pop up into the little Punch and Judy contraption that opens to the kitchen, but Antone don't pay no attention; he just raves on. Everytime he opens his trap the essence of garlic drifts out of his vestibule and since I got the jitters anyway, I start gettin' sore. I slap a dime down on the counter thinkin' that maybe Antone will catch on, but he don't. He rings up "no sale" on the cash register and keeps on. I yell at him,

"Gimme those doughnuts." He grabs the doughnuts, sits 'em down kinda sheepish like; then keeps on talkin'. So I keep inhalin' garlic, and keep on gettin' hotter. If I'd have on a celluloid collar it'd go up in flames. About the time I choke down the last doughnut, I'm fit to be tied. I slide off that stool and head for the door before I do somethin' rash. Antone shouts,

"Come back to see me som' time."

As I'm tearin' through the door I pass another guy on his way in. I kinda stop for a second but just long enough to hear Antone holler.

"One cow juice and two of da' straw stacks."

That guy must have ordered shredded wheat and milk. I look back and, gosh, I feel sorry for the poor bird 'cause Antone is warmin' up to him.

I'm mopin' up one street and

down the other when I get to thinkin' that I oughta either go back to my room or go over to Marie's house 'cause I told the landlady if the Tribune office calls me to give them Marie's telephone number and have 'em call there. I know I ain't in no mood to be goin' to see Marie now, but before I know it I'm hailin' a cab.

I'm ridin' along, and all of a sudden I notice that the guy has still got the "vacant" sign up on the windshield. When we pull up in front of Marie's house, I climb out and while I'm payin' the driver I point to the sign and say,

"It looks like I don't rate much with you buddy." He just gives me a blank look and says "Huh?" I can see it went over his head like the Graf Zeppelin.

I must look like I feel 'cause Antone rings me up as "no sale," and this guy rides me

and every time she smiles she shows a set of ivory that would make a million dollar "ad" for any tooth paste company. Pretty soon I start doin' some talkin' myself. Every time I look in her eyes I say to myself, "The eyes have got IT." The more I look at those eyes the quicker I lose the jitters, and after about a half hour, I'm havin' the time of my life—just talkin'. All the while we're talkin' I keep thinkin' about how good I'm feelin', and how it was Marie and nothin' else that did it. I even get feelin' poetic. I think that now is as good a time as any to put that fatal question to her, so I take a deep breath and start.

I guess she knows what I'm gonna say 'cause she looks so, so, so—well I can't explain it. She just looks swell that's all. I lead off,

"Marie I been thinkin' things over and I—" Then the doggone telephone rings.

Marie answers it, and it's the Tribune office tellin' me to scram out to some mansion out on South Calumet where some nut is raisin' a rumpus.

Well, I call a cab, grab my hat, and get goin'.

When we pull up in front of that old mansion I can see right away that there ain't nothin' cheerful about this job.

The old house is sittin' up on a little hill with a couple of dead pine trees stickin' up around it. The windows have got that blank-

stare look about 'em, and as soon as I look at 'em I think about the eyes of "Tremblin' Tony," a nut that used to hang out with the gang back in St. Louis.

Well, the moonlight is kinda pourin' itself over the landscape, and it makes things look kinda ghastly.

When I climb out of the taxi I ain't feelin' so jovial. I pay the driver, and then he pulls off, and I fell kinda lonesome. I walk through the old stone gateway and up the drive. The silence is so quiet, you can hear it. Before I know it I catch myself tip toeing up the front lawn. That makes me kinda mad, so I starts whistlin', and all of a sudden a flash light spots me. I feel my heart take a sudden jump that almost knocks my teeth out. I ain't exactly scared though, but you know how it is when something strikes you kinda sudden like. I hear a big voice boom,

"Whatcha doin' 'round here?" I kinda get out a half whispered "Nuthin'." I see it's a cop that hollered at me, and I flash him my reporter's badge.





in every corner of the mansion. Then he turns and with a wild scream goes crashin' through the window. I hear a thud when the body hits the ground below.

Me and the coppers just stand still for a second; then we turn and start runnin' for the stairs.

When we're runnin' through the first floor I yell, "Where you guys been?" One of the pantin' cops answers, "We've been examin'in' the three cellars in this joint." Just like a fuzzy.

We scam around the side of the house and in the dull moonlight we can see O'Brien stoopin' over a crumpled heap. O'Brien looks up an' says, "Too late. He just cashed in."

When I come crashin' into the drug store the guy behind the counter looks at me like I'm stagin' a hold up. I pant out, "Where's the telephone?" He just points and I almost knock a slot machine over gettin' to the thing.

I drop in a nickle, twirl the dial till I get the Tribune office. I get

connected up with one of the re-write guys called Stoooge, and it don't take me long to tell him the story about the old Doctor that was as cracked as the liberty bell.

After that's finished, I pull out another five cent piece and call Marie. When she answers the telephone I say, "Sorry, honey, to wake you up this time of night, but I want to tell you that I'll be around tomorrow to finish that conversation." I'm a man of few words, but those few words I do say mean plenty.

When I'm goin' out the door I reach in my pocket and find out I only got one more nickle with me. I can't even ride a street car for that.

I look back, and that slot machine catches my eye. I always was a fellow that would take a chance. I kinda sneak up on the thing; drop the nickle in the slot and jerk the handle. I hear a whirring sound; then a jingle and ninety-five cents comes dancin' down the chute. Whatta night! Whatta night!





## To a Cathedral

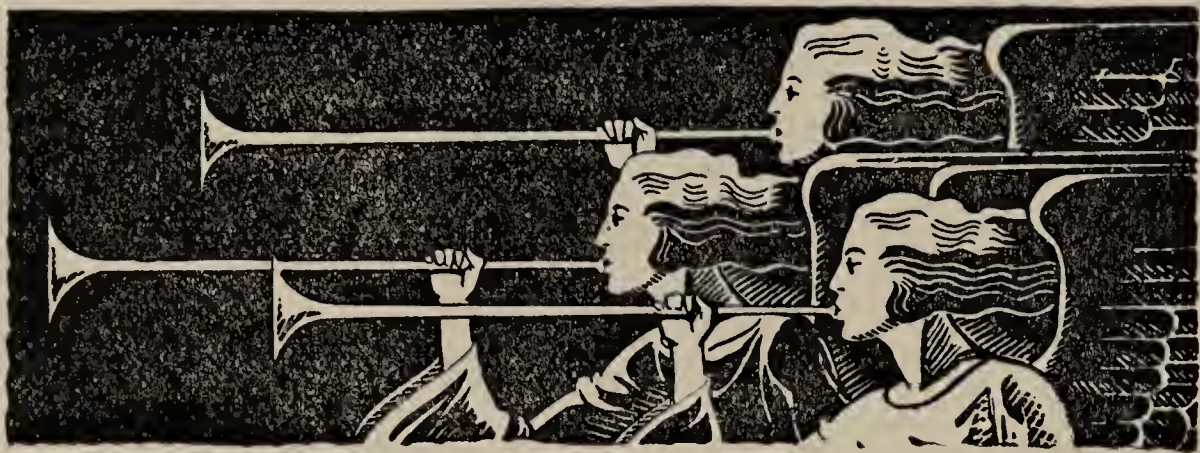
A. Traser '34

O problem there in granite stone!  
O hallowed place of God's abode!  
Some deep mysterious rites I ween  
Are printed in thy rocky code.

Within thy walls sweet angel songs  
Make sooth to tired souls that seek  
Some quiet solace 'neath thy dome  
Where Christ our Lord to them may speak.

'Mong those who visit at thy shrine  
There may be some who would deface  
The glory of thy massive frame,  
Forgetful of God's dwelling place.

But through all years to time's decline  
A "Sursum Corda" thou must sing,  
E'en if thy charms man will neglect  
To God's high throne thy voice must ring.



## Resurrection

F. Gannon '34

The Cross, a deathbed, to which Christ was nailed  
Would hide itself in darkness; and the sun  
In shame put out its light, as if were done  
Its daily task. But Him, Whom love impaled,  
Not nails could hold, nor darkness hide. How fail  
The rabble in its deeds of blood! For won  
Is now His victory over death. Let run  
The wheel of time; Christ rises, death must wail.

So too, in turn, for us shall come the tomb;  
Oh, may it be as that where Christ's corpse lay!  
May angels' songs for us relieve the gloom.

Until in glorious light Christ comes to say,  
"My child, you too must rise from Death's sad pall  
For now the world shall know I've conquered all."



The musical creation would not leave my mind; what I had seen and heard would not leave my mind. I recalled what Plato said, "—then, since what is pleasant to sight and hearing is beautiful, whatever is not of this class of pleasant things clearly cannot be beautiful. Will anybody dare to disagree?" My impression forbids.



### Home, Forgotten

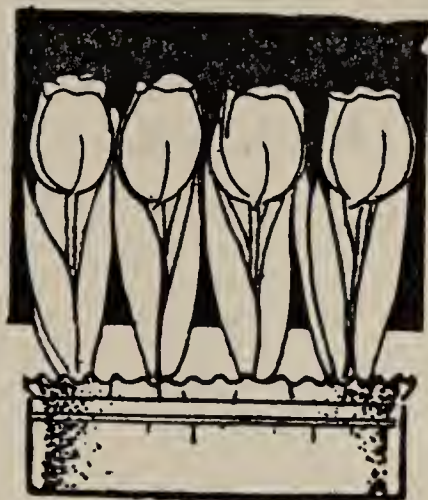
E. J. Sandrick '37

Though sunny skies be o'er my head,  
And streams and braes around me spread;  
My gaze is clouded with regret  
For that sweet home I'll not forget.

Though age grow bleak in winter's snow,  
Yet in my ears in whispers low  
There comes a thought how I would greet  
Those smiles that play on faces sweet.

The curving road, I know it well,  
Is trod again at evening's bell  
By my own feet 'long fields and streams  
To meet the fond ones of my dreams.

To that old home, I wept to leave,  
Where hearts with love, from morn till eve,  
To see me come, sincerely yearn,  
O grant me, God, a safe return!



## Spring, The King

E. S. Maziarz '35

I seized one only minute,  
I, the Spring,  
But as quick as time that's in it,  
I scurried out and walked in majesty  
Like a king beneath the bowing trees,  
    Listening to the snowflakes sing,  
    Rejoicing in their playful ring,  
    Seeing white and white unceasing,  
Till I was in Winter—Spring.

White plumes of fir trees, wildly  
Stood at guard,  
While above these shimmered mildly  
Sheets of white. But wind's hard whistling shout  
Now called to fight both me and Winter grim.  
    Then lo! one mighty bough dared  
    Stoop so low, its snow it bared  
    Upon poor me—the trumpets blared  
And hissing winds in battle flared.

Who would be victor in this fight?  
One might guess  
That it would rage deep into night  
If neither yielded. Ho, I, King, emerged  
Triumphant, happy, with the victor's crown.  
    The wind howled on far into night,  
    And stormed with shell and snowy white,  
    And roared with heavy cannon's might—  
But Winter then left off the fight.

# The St. Joseph's Collegian

March, 1934

Volume XXII.

Number Six



Charter Member



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### DEPARTMENTS

#### Books

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#### Alumni

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#### Exchanges





for breathing the air. If a person is inclined to be an ax-man, then let his muscles be trained early for the ax; if he is inclined to be a bookman, then let him learn early how to handle a book; but don't force the ax-man to be a bookman beyond what is consistent with the nature of the ax. And so it is with everything else in human life.

Recently in the magazine entitled "America" an article appeared by a young man, who put the blame squarely for all the things for which he was blamed on the shoulders of those of middle age and beyond. He was right in his contentions up to the last line which he wrote in that article. The things he there laid to the charge of his elders are precisely the things that the Child-Labor Amendment would foster. To be dandled on the knee, as he indicates, in outright opposition to what the vigor and punch of youth de-

mand is responsible for much of what is called youthful mischief. Plainly, if older people do not wish to "shuffle off their mortal coils," then, at least, they should not demand the entire place in God's sunlight for themselves. But the Child Labor Amendment designs to give them all that place. Let those in the government who have concocted that Amendment, together with the states that are to ratify it, realize that youth should have its rights and chances long before the 18th year comes along; let those rights and chances be backed up by a definite, capital **MUST** in what youth undertakes, and the present younger generation will grow up to be older people of superior quality. But in the face of the demands of youth, the Child-Labor Amendment is plainly nothing short of being an atrocity worthy of a Russian anarchist. A. F. H.

---

## March

C. Bowling '34

O March, in thee farewell and welcome meet;  
Farewell to Winter; welcome to fair Spring!  
Upon the sleigh bells' shrill, clear note, thy frown  
Imposes silence. But e'er long a-new  
Will rise a sweeter music than these bells  
Could call from discord into harmony.  
At thy behest, the wintry winds will cease  
To moan, and zephyrs soft will strum the skies.

'Tis then, thy bride, young Spring, arrayed in green,  
Will walk in comely step with thee o'er fields,  
And wave her wand, as sign that flowers must awake  
From that deep sleep which Winter had imposed,  
And ope their eyes and greet with happy smiles  
Thy wedding, March, with thy sweet youthful bride.



ing his studies for the priesthood this year at St. Mary's, Baltimore, Maryland. He will be ordained by Bishop Hayes for the diocese of Helena, Montana, where he will take up his duties. It will be rememb-

ered that Russell, familiarly known as "Rusty," starred as a guard on the varsity basketball team in 1925, and was also Turner Ward for three years at St. Joseph's.

D. J. A.

---

### The Winged Winds

E. I. Hession '35

You come from wilds afar to weave a song  
Of wrath and hate, you fearless winged winds;  
You drift the snows, and through the Winter long  
You fill the deadened earth with howl and moan.  
But when the clock of time declares the day  
To be at hand for Spring's soft nurse to sooth  
Your chilling fever, then without delay  
You brush the icy braiding from your curls  
And trip along 'neath sunny skies as gay  
As if he were your enemy who hurls  
The shafts that kill the trees and flowers  
When all the while 'twas you yourselves who wrought  
The saddening mischief that you now bewail.

Hence when, as rough winds shake the buds of June,  
The cruel storms of sorrow grieve my heart  
I shall recall that I am out of tune  
With those sweet notes that sound the better part  
Of life. Then keen resolves, though borne of sighs,  
Shall make me seek the perfume of the rose,  
Which in the shadows that surround me, lies,  
For surely life has sweetness in full store  
If only I will crush fell sorrow's thorns  
And bid joy's light to shine where all was night  
Before. The wind of sadness then, which mourns,  
Will lull, and days will shine with pleasant light.





Even though Mrs. Norris' characters have appeal and personality, her delineation of them is often flaccid. Her characters lack that virile vitality which is necessary to

portray living people. The story however, does have much local color of that golden state, California.

J. L. A.

---

## Happiness Alone

J. Gedden '37

Let me alone!  
I flee from thee, thou World;  
Thy gifts are vain;  
Of thee naught will remain.

The sweetest glee  
Is not within thy gift,  
Oh World! but comes  
Despite thy loud acclaim.

Concealed in mist  
Through which no sunbeams bright  
Can pour their light  
All things on thee exist.

Oh, let me go  
Where I may find true joy,  
Such as alone  
My soul can satisfy.

If tinsel show  
No worth for me contains;  
Then joy must be  
Where God Almighty reigns.





























"Shad" Horrigan, due to his height, neat passing, smooth shooting, close guarding and cool head in the pinches was chosen to jump center and hold down a guard position. St. Joe will suffer greatly from the loss of one of its very few six-footers. St. Joe's defeat was never due to points made by "Shad's" man, but a number of games were won by "Shad's" long shots. With "Shad" jumping, the Cards pretty well controlled the tip-

off. We'll always remember "Shad" as the lanky guard.

Tony Traser and Clem Petit are the boys that dashed on the floor when the first reserves were called in. Tony and Clem will long be remembered for the fight they always showed when playing. If St. Joe can always maintain a team of players as nifty and as clever with the ball as were Tony and Clem, there'll be no worry about defeat.









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Rensselaer, Indiana

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SUNDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY

MARCH 18-19-20

Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in

“NO MORE WOMEN”

News and Short

---

SUNDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY

MARCH 25-26-27

Charlie Ruggles, W. C. Fields, Mary Boland

and Alison Skipworth in

“SIX OF A KIND”

News and Short

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THURSDAY and FRIDAY, MARCH 29-30

Dorothy Wilson, Douglas Montgomery, Kay Johnson in

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